Attention Affliction

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Attention Affliction

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Your trainee has developed some “particular” ways of seeking your attention

Notes

Fuckkkkkkkkkkk I need him I need him I need him PLEASEEEE

I’ll feed him and water him every day let me have an opera I promise I won’t emotionally abuse and neglect him until he develops mental illnesses and then have morally reprehensible sexual relations with him I SWEAR

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The air in the dorm room was stifling, thick with the scent of expensive cologne and the underlying, muskier heat of the enormous body underneath you.

It was impossible to look anywhere in this room without seeing him. T.M. Opera O was everywhere—reflected in the dizzying array of mirrors he'd insisted on installing, captured in the framed photographs of his victories on the walls, and currently, filling up the entirely of your vision as he knelt between your spread legs.

You were sitting on the edge of his bed with your hands gripping the silk sheets made for someone twice your size.

You had come here ten minutes ago, angry, a clipboard tucked under your arm and a lecture prepared about discipline and the importance of showing up to morning track practice. You had found him sulking, vibrating with a manic, nervous energy, desperate to prove that his absence wasn't a failure, but a "dramatic pause" in his narrative.

He hadn't stopped talking. Not when you scolded him. Not when you tried to leave. And not even now, with your cock buried deep in his throat.

"Mmph—! Ghhulk."

His head bobbed with a rhythmic, terrifying precision. Even on his knees, Opera was massive. His shoulders, broad and encased in muscle that could tear through wind resistance like paper, were level with your chest. The sheer scale of him was always disorienting, but seeing him minimized like this, folded down to serve you, felt bizarrely correct and deeply wrong all at once.

He pulled back, a string of saliva connecting his lips to your dick, his purple eyes wide and frantic, searching yours.

"Does... hah... does the Overlord not conquer all fields?" he panted, his voice booming slightly even in a whisper, that theatrical cadence impossible for him to shake. "Even this... surely, Trainer, you must admit my technique is... flawless? A grand performance for an audience of one!"

You sighed, leaning your head back, staring at the ceiling. "Opera, stop talking."

"But I must know!" He shuffled closer on his knees, the floorboards

creaking slightly under his weight. His large hands rested on your thighs, his fingers long enough to nearly wrap around them completely. "Am I not... satisfying? Does my devotion not shine through? Tell me! Validate this victory!"

It was exhausting. It was always exhausting. He treated your penis like it was a finish line, something to be crossed with fanfare and applause. But you didn't pull away. You couldn't.

"Just... finish up," you muttered, your hand instinctively moving to grab a handful of orange hair. You felt the ornaments clipped to his ears brush against your wrist.

Opera's eyes shimmered, that glassy, depersonalized sheen falling away as you were observing him. He took your grip on his hair not as aggression, but as direction. A stage cue.

"As you command, dear Trainer," he breathed, the hot puff of air ghosting over your sensitive skin.

He dove back down.

This time, the sensation was overwhelming.

Umamusume were stronger than humans in every way, and that included the dexterity and power of their tongues. He swirled around your tip, his cheeks hollowing as he blew you. It was an aggressive perfection. He attacked it with the same intensity he used on the turf —powerful, desperate to be the best.

Slurp. Suck. Gawk.

The noises were obscene, wet and sloppy, echoing in the quiet room. You looked down at him. The gold crown was missing, likely tossed aside in his earlier frantic attempt to keep you from leaving, but he still looked ridiculous and regal. His eyes were rolled up, locked onto your face, pleading. Look at me. Look at how good I am. Tell me you see me. Tell me I'm the very Overlord I claim to be.

You tightened your grip on his hair, fingers twisting into the strands. He moaned around you, the vibration traveling straight into your groin. It wasn't a moan of pleasure; it was a moan of relief that you were touching him.

"You're... you're too loud," you gritted out, hips bucking involuntarily as he tightened his throat.

He faltered for a microsecond, fear flashing in his eyes that he had displeased you, before he doubled his efforts, humming deep in his chest to mask the wet sounds of his service. He began to stroke the shaft with one hand, his palm smooth and well maintained, engulfing you completely. The contrast of the giant, powerful athlete reducing himself to this was jarring.

You knew, objectively, that this was bad. You were his Trainer. He was mentally spiraling, his ego a fragile balloon that he kept inflating until it was about to burst. He was using sex as a desperate bid for the intimacy you denied him in your professional life. You should push him away. You should zip up your pants and call a therapist.

But the friction was incredible. And the silence—the relative silence of his mouth being full—was the most peace you'd had around him in weeks.

"Deeper," you commanded, almost against your will.

Opera didn't hesitate. He shoved his face forward, taking you down to the base, his nose mashing into your pelvis. He gagged, a guttural, wet sound, but he didn't stop. He forced himself to hold it there, eyes watering, his massive hands squeezing your thighs so hard it would leave bruises. He would endure anything. He would choke on you if it meant you didn't walk out that door.

He pulled back again, gasping for air, a thick trail of spit drooling down his chin, ruining the pristine image he usually projected.

"Did you... hah... did you see?" he wheezed, his face flushed, a manic grin stretching his lips. "The depths of my dedication! No other... no other could accommodate such a... magnificent... overture!"

He looked pathetic. A giant, eight-foot-tall king drooling on his own expensive rug, begging for a head pat.

"You're a mess, Opera," you said, your voice flat, though your breathing was ragged.

He flinched, his smile faltering for a second before he forcibly reassembled it into something blinding. "A mess? Nay! I am merely... drenched in the sweat of my labor! It is the glittering dew of effort!"

He leaned his cheek against your knee, nuzzling into the denim like a lonely animal. The sheer size of his head was heavy against your leg.

"Please," he whispered, the bombastic mask slipping just an inch, revealing the terrified trainee underneath. "Tell me I'm shining. Even here. Especially here. Evermore.If I don't shine... I'm not here."

You looked at him—really looked at him. The panic in his eyes was palpable. He felt like he was fading away, dissolving into the background unless you acknowledged him. It was annoying. It was needy.

It was working.

"Fine," you exhaled, running your thumb over his wet lower lip. "You're… good at this. Better than anyone else."

The effect was instantaneous. Opera practically glowed. His posture straightened, his ears perked up, and that terrifying, blinding confidence slammed back into place.

"Hahaha! naturally!" He laughed, the sound booming in the small room, vibrating against your crotch. "Who else but T.M. Opera O could master the art of pleasure so swiftly?"

"Don't push it," you warned, pushing his head back down toward your lap. "Less talking. More sucking."

"At once!" he declared, muffled immediately as he enveloped you again.

He went back to work with renewed, frantic vigor, fueled by the crumb of praise you'd tossed him. You lay back on the bed, staring at yourself in the mirror on the ceiling—a reflection of a small, tired human being serviced by a golden giant.

It felt good. It felt really, really good. And if it kept him from having a breakdown before the Japan Cup, maybe it wasn't the worst training method in the world.

Though the pressure was quickly becoming unbearable, a tightening coil at the base of your spine that demanded release. Opera seemed to sense it—of course he did, he prided himself on reading the "crowd"—and he picked up the pace, his tongue flattening broad and wet against the sensitive underside of your glans while his hand pumped the base with ruthless rhythm.

"Cum..." he mumbled around you, the vibration buzzing against your sensitive skin. "Give it to me... please, grant the Overlord his tribute!"

With a sharp intake of breath, you broke. Your hips jerked upward, bucking off the mattress as you spilled into him. It was a heavy, intense release, fueled by the sheer absurdity and forbidden nature of the act.

Opera didn't pull back. He didn't gag. He clamped his lips tighter, humming with a sort of fanatical delight as he milked every last drop from you, swallowing convulsively. His throat worked visibly, gulping down the evidence of your pleasure like it was the nectar of the gods.

When you finally sagged back against the pillows, panting, he pulled away with a wet pop. He licked his lips, catching a stray string of white, his eyes shining with that terrifying, manic intensity.

"Magnificent!" he declared, though his voice was rougher now, breathless. "A standing ovation! Did I not perform perfectly, Trainer? Was the finale not to your exacting standards?"

He loomed over your lap, waiting, his tail swishing anxiously behind him, thumping against the floor. Thump. Thump. Thump. He was like a dog waiting for a treat.

"Yeah," you breathed out, wiping sweat from your forehead. You felt a twinge of guilt seeing that desperate need in his eyes, the way he equated servicing you with being worthy of love. "You... you did good, Opera… Thank you.."

The praise hit him like a physical blow. His pupils dilated, his whole body shivering. "Good... yes. I am good. I am the best." He muttered it to himself like a mantra, cementing the twisted logic in his mind: This is how I keep them. This is how I shine.

You moved to zip your pants, assuming the show was over. "Alright, clean yourself up. We need to talk about the Spring schedule—"

"Wait!"

His hand clamped over yours, stopping you. It was gentle, but the strength behind it was undeniable. You couldn't move your hand if you tried.

"The encore," he whispered, his gaze dropping to your still-exposed, softening cock, and then to the bulge tenting the front of his own skirt. "The audience... the audience cries for more, do they not? The Overlord has not yet had his turn on the stage."

"Opera, I'm tired," you sighed, though the heat radiating from him was making it hard to think straight.

"Nonsense! Stamina is the hallmark of a champion!" He stood up then, and the shift in perspective was dizzying.

From your position sitting on the bed, he was a skyscraper. He towered over you, blocking out the light, his shoulders seemingly miles wide. He stepped between your legs, forcing your knees apart with his shins, the hard, golden metal at his ankles cool against your calves. With a fluid, sweeping motion—always the performer—he gripped the hem of his white and pink skirt and hauled it up.

"Behold!" he announced, his voice trembling slightly with lust. "T-the Overlord!"

You choked on a breath.

You've seen it before but even then, It was... ridiculous.

Underneath the skirt, Opera was packing equipment that clearly matched his frame. His cock stood there, heavy and thick, bent downwards with its own weight. It was a smooth, cream colored, but already glistening with copious amounts of precum.

It leaked steadily, dripping onto your stomach, hot and sticky.

"Jesus christ," you muttered, instinctively pressing back into the mattress.

"Is it not glorious?" Opera preened, mistaking your shock for awe. He grabbed his own shaft, pumping it once—his hand, which could palm a basketball, barely wrapped around the girth. "It aches, Trainer. It burns with the passion of a thousand suns! It needs... it needs you… please?"

He waited for permission, looking down at you, all his desperation very apparent. When you have him the go ahead he stepped forward, his massive thighs bracketing your waist, trapping you. He leaned down, placing one hand on the mattress next to your head to support his weight—the mattress dipped dramatically under him—and lowered his hips.

He laid his cock right on top of yours.

The visual contrast was almost insulting. Your penis, average and

human-sized, looked like a toy next to what he was presenting. His shaft eclipsed yours, wider and longer, heavy and hot. The precum and saliva from the earlier act acted as a lubricant as he began to grind down.

"Ohhh..." Opera's eyes rolled back, his head falling forward so his hot breath washed over your face. " The friction... do you feel it? The clash between us!"

"It's not a clash if you're crushing me," you groaned, but your hips betrayed you, bucking up to meet his rhythm.

The sensation was incredible. His cock was so large that just rubbing it against yours stimulated every nerve ending you had. He was heavy, his weight pressing you into the bed, enveloping you in his scent and his heat.

"I am not crushing you!" he panted, beginning to hump your stomach in earnest, sliding his length along yours, the two wet shafts squelching together. "I am... ngh... I am encompassing you! I am letting you share in my radiance!"

He ground his hips in a circle, the head of his penis dragging over yours, smearing sticky fluid everywhere. His lower belly slapped against yours, sweaty skin on skin.

Slap. Squelch. Slap.

"Look at it," he stated, gently grasping your chin with his free hand and leaning you to look down at your joined groins. "Look how small you are beneath me... and yet... and yet I yield to you! I give you this pleasure! Does that not prove my benevolence? Does that not make me... necessary to you?"

There it was again. The desperation.

"Yeah," you gasped as he hit a particularly sensitive spot, his heavy shaft mashing yours against your stomach. "Yeah, you're necessary. You're... mmmngh fuck, you're huge, Opera."

"Yes! Huge! Grand! Unsurpassable!" He sped up, his hips becoming a blur of motion. He was frotting you with the power of a racehorse, his core muscles rippling as he worked. "I am the only one who can make you feel this! The only one! Tell me I'm the only one!"

He was practically sobbing the words, his facade cracking wide open.

He needed you to be addicted to him. He needed this physical connection to be the tether that kept him from floating away into the abyss of his own insecurity.

"You're the only one," you lied—or maybe you weren't lying. What did it really matter?

He slid his cock upward, the head bumping over your navel, dragging a trail of slime up your torso.

The friction was becoming a blur of heat and wet noise that seemed to echo off the mirrors surrounding you. Opera wasn't just rubbing against you anymore; he was dominating the space between your hips, his massive legs clamped tight around your own, effectively pinning you to the mattress.

Every thrust of his hips was a heavy, muscular collision. His cock was sliding over yours with heavy force. His shaft was so wide it completely enveloped yours with every downstroke.

"Too... too fast," you gasped, trying to get a grip on his hips to slow him down, but it was like trying to stop a freight train with your bare hands. His skin was hot, slick with sweat, his muscles hard as iron beneath your palms.

"Nonsense!" Opera boomed, his breath coming in ragged, excited hitches. He stared down at you, his purple eyes blown wide, manic and hungry. "The tempo... hah... simply increases! We approach the crescendo, Trainer! D-do not tell me you wish to stop now?!"

He ground down hard, his heavy balls slapping against your own. The sheer size of him was cheating. He had the stamina of a racehorse, lungs built to run 2400 meters at breakneck speed, while you were just a human trying not to pass out from the sensory overload.

"Opera, seriously, I’m gonna—"

"Yes! Go! Precede me!" he urged, speeding up even more, his hips a blur. He leaned forward, his weight crushing the air out of your lungs, his chest heaving. "Show me! Show me that I am the only one who can wring this from you!"

It was too much. With a strangled cry, your back arched off the bed, toes curling violently. You spilled again, a quick, frantic release that was dragged out of you by sheer friction. It was intense, bordering on agony, your body convulsing as you shot white streaks across his

lower abs and shaft.

You slumped back, panting, eyes losing focus. You were done. You were over-sensitive and raw.

But Opera wasn't.

"Magnificent..." he purred, not slowing down for a second. In fact, seeing your release seemed to drive him into a frenzy. He ground his cock into the mess you'd made, mixing your fluids with the copious amounts of pre he was producing, using it to lubricate his relentless assault. "But the King... nghh... the King is not yet satisfied!"

"Opera, stop," you wheezed, flinching as he rubbed the sensitive head of his cock against your now-softening one. "I'm done. Get off."

"Not yet! Not yet!" He sounded panicked, his rhythm becoming erratic, almost violent. He grabbed your wrists, pinning them to the pillow above your head, looming over you like a golden idol demanding sacrifice. "Look at me! Don't close your eyes! P-please do not! You have to see it! You have to see me shine!"

He was terrifying. He was pathetic. He was huge.

"You're amazing, okay?!" you shouted, just to get him to shut up, just to end this. "You're the best! You're the King! Now finish!"

The praise acted like a trigger. Opera's head snapped back, his mouth falling open in a silent scream of ecstasy. His hips stuttered, then bucked forward with terrifying power.

"Y-yes!"

With that he finished. Thick, heavy ropes of semen shot from him with desperation. The first splurts hit your chest, hot and heavy. The next covered your stomach, coating your own drying release in a fresh, warm layer of white.

He kept cumming. And cumming. And cumming.

It pooled in your navel, ran down your sides, and dripped onto the expensive silk sheets. He groaned, a deep, guttural sound from the bottom of his chest, as his massive frame shuddered through the orgasm. He milked himself against you, dragging his twitching cock up your torso, painting you in his essence.

"Ah... Ahhh... Haaah..."

He finally collapsed, his forehead resting on your chest, his heavy breathing blowing against you. You lay there, stunned, blinking up at the ceiling. You were absolutely coated. From your ribs to your thighs, you were sticky, wet, and smelling distinctly of musk and sweat.

"Fuck," you whispered, disgusted. You tried to shift, but the fluid made a gross squelching noise between your skin and his.

Opera lifted his head, looking down at his handiwork. He smiled—a dreamy, dazed expression that was unsettlingly innocent. "A masterpiece," he murmured, tracing a line through the mess on your stomach with one large finger. "You are... covered in my glory."

"I'm covered in jizz, Opera," you snapped, the post-nut clarity hitting you hard. You felt gross. Used. "Get off me. I need a shower."

You shoved at his shoulders. He didn't budge at first, just staring at you with those wide, needy eyes, looking for that spark of adoration he craved. When he saw only annoyance, his face fell. The grandiose mask slipped, and he looked away.

"Oh. Of... of course," he stammered, scrambling back. He nearly tripped over his own discarded skirt as he backed off the bed.

You sat up, grimacing as the fluid dripped down your stomach and pooled on the sheets. You grabbed a handful of tissues from the nightstand—woefully inadequate for this volume—and tried to wipe off the worst of it, but it was everywhere.

"This is disgusting," you muttered, standing up. Your legs felt wobbly. "I'm using your shower."

"I shall assist!"

Opera was instantly at your side, naked, his still-semi-hard cock bobbing absurdly as he practically vibrated with eagerness.

"I don't need help," you said, walking toward the bathroom.

"B-but, Trainer!" He followed you closely, his looming shadow swallowing you up. He reached out, his hands hovering over your sticky shoulders, terrified to touch you but terrified to let you go. "The tiles are slippery! And... and a King must tend to his subjects! Allow me to wash you! I have the finest soaps! Imported from afar!"

"Opera, stay out," you warned, reaching for the door handle.

"Please!" He wedged his foot in the door before you could close it. He looked frantic, his hair messy, his eyes darting around as if the silence of the room was physically hurting him. "Don't... don't wash me away yet. Just let me help. I'll be quiet! I'll be perfect! Just... don't close the door."

You looked at the mess on your body, then at his pleading face. You were too tired to fight him.

"Fine," you sighed, pushing the door open. "But be quiet."

"Understood!" He beamed, squeezing into the bathroom behind you, sucking all the air out of the small space. "Silence! Diligence! And scrubbing! Leave it to me!"

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